BRight Soul! inſtruct us Mortals how to mourn,
How to approach, yet not profane thine Urn.
To come with Humane Sighs, or Eyes,
Were ſure too bold a Sacrifice.
Leſt a foul tear or nauſeous guſt
Should ſcatter or defile thy Duſt,
We ſhould in homage to thy Shrine
Weep out our humour Cryſtalline,
Which there congeal'd might Sapphirs turn
By borrowing Luſtre from thine Urn.
They only know ſuch Loſſes to Condole,
Who can for every Sigh, breathe out a Soul.

Bright Soul! inſtruct us to that juſt reſpect
With which thy Hallowed Aſhes muſt be deckt.
To build them Trophees were unjuſt:
Thy Vertues canopy thy Duſt.
To write upon them were unſafe:
Thy name is thy beſt Epitaph.
To carve thy Statue were amiſſe:
Thy Book thy beſt *Coloſſus* is.
T'incloſe thy Reliques were uneven:
No Shrine is fit for them, but Heaven.
Can Nothing lend thee Luſtre? may we turn
Nothing, if nothing can adorn thine Urn.

CHORUS. *Hark, hark, how each Orb his Tune doth keep,*
While Peals of Angels ring;
And ſince we cannot fitly weep,
Let's try how we can ſing.
Since Charles *advanc'd beyond the King,*
Is plac'd above his wain,
'Twere ſure a ſacrilegious thing
To weep him down again.
Then let our accents all conſpire
With Heav'ns loud harmonyes;
While this ſhort Anthem fills the Quire,
He's welcome to the Skyes.

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